

THE
Dorsetshire Garland;

OR, THE
BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

IN THREE PARTS.

To which is added,

The COCK and BULL STORY;
Or, the DECEIVED MAID.



Entered according to Order;



THE BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

P A R T I.

ALL you that delight in a jest that is true,
Give ear to these lines I unfold unto you,
I'm sure you will smile when the same you do hear,
This frolic was acted in fair Dorsetshire.

A noble Knight of renown lived there,
And he had a daughter of beauty most fair,
Hard by liv'd a Merchant who had riches store,
And he had a son whom he did adore.

The Knight & the Merchant being neighbours so near,
In friendship did live, and lov'd each other dear,
And they had agreed these sweet infants so fair,
Should be man and wife when come to ripe years.

This Merchant fell sick, and his Lady likewise,
They sent for the Knight with tears in their eyes,
Saying, With this world we shortly must part,
And leave our sweet baby the joy of our heart.

I hope if we leave this sweet babe in your care,
And all our estate and worldly affair,
You'll take care of him when we're laid in the grave,
And furthermore grant us the thing that we crave.

That you will not break your promise to me,
But give your fair Daughter his bride for to be;
But if that he die e'er to age he do come,
Then all that I leave him it shall be your own.

To the church of England I'd have him up brought,
To serve his blest Maker, I'd have him be taught,
That we may meet together in heaven above:
Dear Sir, says the Knight, for your friendship and love,

What has past between us, I'll take up
How I do bring up your dear son and heir,
And if so long the Lord give him life,
My beautiful daughter I'll give him to wife.

And so for the babes they sent for with speed,
The merchant he cried, my heart it does bleed,
To leave you behind me, but it must be done,
For death calls me hence, and my glass it is run.

The Will being made, I'm content he did say,
He kiss'd the sweet babies, with lips cold as clay;
So both in one minute did yield up their breath,
The happiest couple that e'er liv'd on earth.

The Merchant and Wife being laid in the grave,
He took home the Child and kept him most brave,
The Knight's only Daughter, and the Merchant's Son,
Became all the talk of the neighbouring town.

These children they loved each other dear,
This covetous Knight he began for to fear
His promise, which he did count but a jest,
He must perform, which disturbed his rest.

My Daughter, said he, is of beauty most bright,
And she will be fit for a Lord or a Knight,
But ten thousand pounds there is left to this Boy,
I'll find out a means his life to destroy.

P A R T II.

HE hired a beggar this child for to kill,
The innocent Babies thinking no ill,
As they in innocent sport were at play,
With a treacherous laugh this false Knight did lay,

Come Jemmy, go forth for to take the air;
And I, worthy Sir, said his Daughter so fair;
For to go and gather dazies with Jemmy will go:
Her Father answer'd, it must not be so.

man may at home till we come again,
This innocent child, like a lamb to be slain,
Did go with the Beggar for many a mile;
At length he did say to him with a smile,

Pray where are you going, Sir, tell unto me,
Must I go no more pretty Susan to see?
His innocent talk made the Beggar relent,
So home to his wife with the child then he went.

He told her the story, the woman, she said,
He is a sweet creature, a well favour'd babe,
A begging now with us, I say let him go,
We'll call him our son, let us order it so.

But five years of age was this Merchant's Son,
Yet he for the loss of his Susan did mourn,
The Beggar man's Wife to her Husband did say,
Come let us contrive to steal Susan away:

It will be but justice to that cruel man,
That wanted his innocent life to trepan:
The Beggar to Dorset then instantly went,
To steal this young Lady was resolute bent.

He brought her ten miles till he came to a town,
He stript off her clothes that she might not be known,
And over the hedge he threw them indeed,
So homeward at night he did hasten with speed.

In two or three days she arriv'd at his cell,
Where a noble legion of beggars did dwell;
Where now we will leave the two lovers so young,
And turn to the Knight who does bitterly mourn.

A hue and a cry sends through every town,
For finding his Daughter, five hundred pound:
They brought the clothes found in the field,
Which made him believe that his child was kill'd.

Now Heaven, he cry'd, I see it is just,
The innocent Babe which I had in my trust,
His blood cries for vengeance, I have my desert,
I've lost my Daughter, the joy of my heart.

So now let us leave the false Traitor to mourn,
Who wand'ring about like a man that's forlorn,
And turn to young Jemmy and Susan also,
Who along with the rest a mumping did go.

The Beggar he them for his children does own,
The dutifullest Babies that ever were known :
Which pleas'd him so well, to Doll he did say,
The money was given this Babe for to slay,

He shall have for portion, and twice as much more;
And since that each other they so much adore,
If they do live to the age of eighteen,
We'll have the finest wedding that ever was seen.

For Jemmy and Susan in marriage we'll join,
Do not me controul, for this frolic is mine ;
A score of fine suitors I mean to have there,
We'll keep this wedding in fair Dorsetshire.

We'll blaze it about, that upon such a day,
A brave beggar's wedding there is for to be ;
The gentry will be eager to see such a sight,
And if he be living, that perjured Knight.

When that the wedding is done and all o'er,
I'll take the young couple unto his own door:
And make him a present of his own daughter fair,
And tell him it is Jemmy his own son and heir.

Old Doll was we'll pleased to hear him say so,
So merrily they out a cruising did go,
For thirteen long years at this rate they did run,
At length the time for the wedding did come.

THË richest attire that there could be bought,
 With silver and gold was so richly wrought,
 For the Bride and Bridegroom they then did prepare,
 And so took their journey for fair Dorsetshire.

A score of the best that belong'd to the tribe,
 They took along with them to crédit the Bride ;
 The lame with their crutches, the halt, and the blind,
 Were plac'd in great order to follow behind.

When they had been two or three days in the town,
 The fame of this wedding was spread up and down,
 The rich and the poor being curious to see,
 And many resolv'd the Bride's guest to be.

They hired the noblest hall in the town,
 That the rich and the poor had room to sit down ;
 But Jemmy and Susan were kept up secure,
 Till they in their splendor appear'd at the door.

Some hundreds of people that stood for to gaze,
 At the sight of the couple, were struck with amaze ;
 For she did appear like an angel divine,
 And he all the rest of his sex did outshine.

Old Doll and her husband they follow'd the Bride,
 With a budget of good bread and cheese by their side ;
 And after came hopping the blind and the lame,
 Such a wedding in England before was ne'er seen.

This couple they were not asham'd of their guests,
 Because that they nothing did know of their births,
 Being joined in marriage, they back did return,
 And now of the pastime they had, Sir, at home.

They furnish'd the table with good wedding chear,
 They had mumpt on the road coming to Dorsetshire,
 Good kind of fat bacon and nice mouldy cheese,
 And noggins of ale, Sir, as strong as you please.

[7]

Dinner being ended, starts up one of the guests,
Who pull'd out his pipes and played the best,
The lame and the blind fell to dancing the Hay,
The gentry flock'd in as they would to a play.

Amongst the rest was that treacherous Knight,
Fixing his eyes on his Daughter so bright,
His heart it did flutter and leap in his breast,
His spirit was seiz'd, and his mind was oppress'd.

Old Doll cry'd, we must have a jig of the Bride,
Come play up a merry hornpipe, she cry'd;
Which Susan perform'd with so noble a grace,
That she won the praise of all was in the place.

Well done, says the old man, 'tis a child of my own,
Come, jovial piper, play up t'other tune;
A health to the Bridegroom let's pass round the room,
Tho' a beggar brought up he's a merchant's son born.

The Knight hearing this, slept up to the Bride,
Let me speak with you, fair creature, he cry'd,
If you have the mark of a rose on your breast,
You are my dear Child and a Lady by birth.

She shew'd him the mark, he immediately cry'd,
Conduct home the Bridegroom and beautiful Bride,
For this is my child that's been missing so long,
And her loving Husband, the Merchant's dear Son.

Bring all your guests unto my own home,
I'll kindly receive you, and when that is done,
I'll tell all the world of my treacherous deed,
For who can prevent what Fate has decreed.

The cripples they snatch'd up their crutches and run,
To see the strange miracle there had been done;
Her Father confessed the whole that same night:
All praised the Beggar that sav'd the Babe's life.

All people upbraided him with this base crime,
 With grief he did die in a little time :
 And left this young couple six thousand a year,
 Who are still fill'd the Beggars of fair Dorsetshire.

Old Doll and her Husband in splendor do dwell,
 This couple they loved them heartily well :
 You Misers that are of a covetous mind,
 Strive not to prevent what Fate has design'd,



THE COCK AND BULL STORY.

TO take in good part the squeeze of the hand,
 That language of lovers who dare not demand,
 And then with another as close and as dear,
 You've made him believe his happiness near.
 You've made him believe, &c.

Then to tell him a tale of a cock and a bull,
 That you meant no such thing, but was playing the fool,
 That you meant no such thing, &c.

The tread on the toe to admit and be free,
 And straight to reply with the toe repartee,
 To express with your eyes your inward desires,
 And thus with full hopes to kindle his fires.

When he wants to disclose what he dare not reveal,
 When he looks very silly and means a great deal,
 When he thinks (if e'er thinking should enter his brain)
 You'll now grant his wish, the cause of his pain.

To let him enraptur'd proceed on to bliss,
 To suffer the snatch, or the the theft of a kiss,
 When coyness retreating unwillingly flees,
 When sighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes.

